

YET EDITOR MANAGES FIGHT AGAINST BOARDWALK-QUAKERS AT ATLANTIC CITY COUNCILMEN

Harvey Thomas Engages Detective Burns and Two "Frame Up" Deal to "Get the Goods" on Grafters—Contractor Driven from Country.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

Atlantic City, N. J., Nov. 23.—A newspaper man and a detective engaged the editor of the Atlantic City Review in a fight against the Boardwalk-Quakers for the most part, who had suffered extortions for years and who, spending immense sums of money to advertise the town as a safe summer home for women and children, saw blacklegs and bunco-steers welcomed and abetted by grafters and politicians. When they combined, their taxes were increased.

Then one day, on a rural local belief, they bought the Morning Review. Anytime, the oldest newspaper in the place fell into strange hands. Harvey Thomas, a nervous, tall, lean, long-faced and large-nosed man came down from Trenton as president and editor. He had worked on the Newark News for 17 years and had been a correspondent at the State capital. It was known that he and J. Franklin Fort, then Governor of New Jersey, were cousins. Also, in time, it was learned that his father had been a Baptist minister, which information, no doubt, caused the grafters some merriment.

The Review is run in Harvey Thomas' name. He has never said that the Quaker hotel keepers are his backbone. Leans at the bank, when he can get them, are made to him. "Everybody understands that I am poor," he said to me. "I have associates in the publishing business. Their identity, however, is of no consequence. They have never hesitated in supplying me with money. Burns and his detectives were paid \$10,000. Three times that sum has been spent already. But the results, we think, have been worth the outlay."

Seemed Quiet and Harmless. The grafters looked on young Mr. Thomas—he is thirty-six years of age—with indifference or humorous curiosity. They had ruled the town for a quarter of a century and had beaten the hotel-keepers more than once in a battle for supremacy. Likewise, they had brought repeaters from Philadelphia when they were in doubt about an election or wanted to emphasize a victory. "Phantom" voters—4,000 of them in one year—had their names duly written in the books of registry. Matters were tight and secure, in the opinion of the boardwalkers.

Besides, Mr. Thomas seemed to be a quiet and harmless personality. His voice was low, his manner unobtrusive, and no boss about him. He had no policy. The grafters did not know that he is fearless, shrewd, tireless, and pugnacious. Publicly, he is in Atlantic City, he has been the only man to come out of the town to the war against bribery and other forms of municipal debauchery. "The truth shall make you free," he tells his readers every morning. Such is his banner, and along with it, he has borne it in among the tents and houses of his adversaries. No man can accuse him; none hereabouts can match him in energy, intelligence, and sagacity. "I like you, Mr. Thomas," said one of the boardwalkers in some respect, "he said, speaking of the boss who has administered the politics of Atlantic City for twenty years, and who has indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,000 and to serve twelve months in the penitentiary, 'I like him.' Mr. Thomas continued, "because he speaks the truth. He has been in the street and always seen me when he has ordered or caused some merchant to stop advertising in the Review. It is his duty, as the boss, that Harvey Thomas respects a person who fights in the open and is manly enough to salute his antagonist and that he is something of a philosopher himself."

Smoked Out by a Question. "I had meant to print an independent newspaper," he told me at the beginning of his dramatic story. "Readers with questions," I said, "might send them in and I would answer all inquiries candidly and fairly. A man asked me about conditions in Atlantic City. My reply committed the Review politically. It was foolish. I should have declined the interview. So the struggle began. I had purposed to delay it for a time. Several years previously an agitation to prevent liquor selling on Sunday had been started in various parts of New Jersey. Criticism was centered on Atlantic City, although the excise law was being violated just, frequently and openly in Jersey City, Newark, and elsewhere.

"When a man or a municipality is attacked for one delinquency other misdeeds are likely to be discovered and exploited. Gov. Fort said that he would send the militia here and shut the saloons at the point of the bayonet if the local officials refused to do their duty. The shutters went up and the doors were closed for two or three Sundays, after which liquor flowed as freely as before. Men said that people ought to have a good time, as they phrased it, and that if they were restrained as to their appetites some other place would get their patronage and business. Atlantic City would be seriously damaged.

"This, as it happened, all New Jersey began to look in this particular direction. Old cronies of the boardwalkers were dragged into the discussion over the excise question. The big hotel keepers along the Boardwalk pay most of the taxes with the city is supposed to be elected and would be their taxes—the assessments on their property, you understand, which meant, of course, that the gang took that method of levying punishment on them who had mediated in matters that didn't concern them.

One Hotel Pays \$80,000 Taxes. In 1909, for example, the hotelkeepers ran Daniel S. White, one of their own number, for city councilman. Mr. White is a Quaker, and a man of means and high character. The same year he was elected. I think, were committed on both sides. Indeed, that election was especially scandalous. The following year assessments on all the best hotels were advanced 20 per cent. In the meanwhile the bonded debt had been increased \$1,000,000—which is rather large for a place containing 54,000 permanent inhabitants—and the principal taxpayers on the beach front, robbed of their money and their rights, were ready to do almost anything to rescue the city from the looters. Land fronting the Boardwalk is assessed at \$2,990 a front foot. The tax bill of one hotel amounts to \$80,000 a year, and it is not the largest hotel, either.

Well, by and by a committee appeared from the Legislature. It found 4,000 fraudulent names on the registration lists. A band of 198 repeaters was tracked here from Philadelphia. The testimony showed that votes were bought

in the streets on election days without any attempt at concealment. One man it was proved, voted fifteen times and received \$3. Liquor sales on Sunday had inevitably led to political exposures and a general uncovering of conditions in Atlantic City. I came here in the summer of 1910. The Morning Review had been purchased and the property stood in my name. The owners said I might have all the profits after paying them a reasonable interest on their investment. So far there have been no profits. The paper, on the contrary, is losing money. Our forty-five columns of advertising a day divided by twenty columns of circulation, however, has grown from 2,500 copies to 7,500. While the merchants do not approve our policy, I rejoice in the fact that the people are reading the Review.

A Boss and a Millionaire. "Word has come to me from Kuehne himself that I cannot succeed on my present editorial lines, and he is a powerful man in this town, being president of one bank, a director in four other banks, and a shareholder in most of our important corporations. His crew up in the saloon and hotel of his father, down near the station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, tending bar and waiting on the table in the restaurant. The saloon fell to him by inheritance at the death of his father, and the ownership of Atlantic City, at the death of the man under whom he had served his apprenticeship in politics. He is said to be a millionaire. He has hurt my business, that I admit, and has sometimes prevented me from getting loans at the banks, but many of his ward workers and city officials have been indicted by our grand jury, a number of them have been found guilty and sentenced to State's prison, and he has been tried and convicted for his connection with a \$250,000 contract that was awarded to a fictitious bidder.

"The inquiry sent to me by a subscriber, as I said, unmasked my batteries prematurely, and the battle was on. I found that there were 398 fraudulent votes in one precinct at the election of 1910 out of a total of 217 votes cast. We worked up the case and showed the clumsy entries made in the registration books. Naturally, the matter was sent to a grand jury, whereupon I charged that a member of that noble body had voted more than once himself and, therefore, was not qualified to act on the case. He promptly said, 'I am not a member of the grand jury.' I charged that a member of that noble body had voted more than once himself and, therefore, was not qualified to act on the case. He promptly said, 'I am not a member of the grand jury.'

Editor Thomas Turns Detective. "Presently I heard that an important contracting firm needed a stenographer. I got a man in New York to apply for the situation. He became the stenographer of the president of the company and each night would bring me copies of the incriminating letters which passed between the contractors and the grafters. Then the stenographer, at my request, came to Atlantic City, and after that I began printing the letters. The contracting company went into bankruptcy and the president is now out of the country. He is in Egypt, so I have heard.

"Events, you see, were moving. Stades were spades with me and I used the word spades. I could not find a dictionary. But I couldn't get the right kind of grand jury. Wm. M. Cleveland, a young lawyer, remembered that he had read about errors in the commentaries of Cicero. He took a copy of the work and substituted in performing the duty of returning a jury, provided in some jurisdictions when the sheriff is interested in a suit. So far as I know, the grand jury was taken to this country. Nevertheless, we put the case before Gov. Woodrow Wilson and he appointed two others for this country. Mr. Cleveland was one of them.

"The men were chosen as grand jurors and in June, 1911, they returned 137 indictments for frauds at elections, twenty-three indictments for graft, and eighty-two indictments for bribery. Some of the accused pleaded guilty, some confessed and some were tried, convicted and sentenced to pay fines or serve in jail. Edmund Wilson, a young lawyer, remembered that he had read about errors in the commentaries of Cicero. He took a copy of the work and substituted in performing the duty of returning a jury, provided in some jurisdictions when the sheriff is interested in a suit. So far as I know, the grand jury was taken to this country. Nevertheless, we put the case before Gov. Woodrow Wilson and he appointed two others for this country. Mr. Cleveland was one of them.

How Burns Begun His Work.

"I was authorized to make the necessary arrangements. Burns sent twenty-five of his men to Atlantic City. They shadowed the grafters, but didn't learn anything of much value. Some information was obtained, but I plainly saw that Burns himself was the only man for the job. He came secretly to my house one night in July, 1911, and talked the situation over with Attorney General Wilson and myself, saying that he would personally direct the investigation thereafter. Several plans were suggested by which to trap the grafters, but they were rejected as being impracticable. All at once Burns exclaimed: 'I have it—walk of course instead of boards, such a walk as can be seen at all the best watering places in Europe.' 'The Boardwalk is nine miles long and sixty feet wide, and has cost, so far, six million dollars. The wood sets and must be taken up. Expense of maintenance, consequently, is continuous. Moreover, a cement esplanade will be some day laid in Atlantic City. Burns' idea was logical and caught Mr. Wilson and myself, and we told him to get down to business at once. He telegraphed next day to James K. Harris, who was in San Francisco. Harris is his professional contractor. He reached Atlantic City within a week and took expensive apartments at the Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel, spending money carlessly, and being of a friendly disposition, making several valuable acquaintances. After attending two meetings of the City Council he seemed to know the characters and propensities of the members. At all events he picked the man through whom he was to operate, and the wisdom of his choice was later substantiated.

"In course of time the inner circle of grafters understood that Mr. Harris had to build a cement walk along the beach front. Several of them came into contact with Harris and commenced with him, as to speak, New York, and then he would go to New York and send them incriminating letters and telegrams from them in return.

"At the right moment, Frank M. Snider, who said his name was F. S. Franklin, another of Burns' operatives, appeared

HARVEY THOMAS.

on the scene. He is the same man who caught the grafting members of the Ohio Legislature. Harris introduced him as the financier of the proposed enterprise in New York City. It was a work of art, in some respects, being an acoustic, the first letter in every third line forming the phrase, 'a crooked deal.' The ordinance, however, had to be submitted to the attorney of Atlantic City, and he wrote in some changes and ruined the acoustic. Also a reputable engineer was employed to draw the plans for the walk.

The grafters were delighted, but they were afraid the public might kick about the expense of the improvement. Harris told them they would be paid \$5,000 each on the passage of the ordinance. Harris gave some of them in New York, Jersey City, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City. A dictograph made a record of all that was said on such occasions. I wrote a strong defense of the project and Harris gave it to a stenographer and he printed it, circulating it as his own composition, being ignorant of its authorship. "It was arranged that I should fight the proposition in the Review. To have favored it might have caused the grafters to become suspicious. I called the ordinance a stink, said that taxes were too burdensome already and so on and so forth. The boardwalkers were growing a little uneasy when Franklyn, the financier, passed word down the line that the ordinance was a crooked deal. The boardwalkers, however, were taken in hand and silenced. Later, the grafters were told that I would leave on a certain train on a certain day for Jersey City where, at a certain hotel, I would be given \$5,000. The grafters were at the station when I departed. Spies, you understand.

They Thought Thomas Was Bribed. "Another grafter was in the room next to the one in which I, by my loud conversation, seemingly accepted a bribe for changing my attitude toward the ordinance. He telegraphed his confederates in Atlantic City that it is all right. There was relief in gratitude. Matters now appeared as good as settled. "I began to hedge, editorially, the next day. Within a week the Review was booming the ordinance. More money was handed the grafters. The ordinance was put in a room right over the business establishment of one of them, the wires being attached at night and run through hole through the roof of the porch. Money was paid in that room and two stenographers wrote down the guilty dialogue. The night, during the month of May this year, when the ordinance was to be passed came at last.

Four Grafters on a Sofa. "You may get a busy. Well, you are not too busy to keep out of jail and you had better run all the way if you know what is good for you." "The man came immediately. Burns was kind and made no threats, nor did he hold out any promises. He told the man he had been caught, 'and there,' he said, pointing to a pile of letters and stenographic records on the bed, 'are the documents.' "It was the critical period in all the work we had done. Burns was neither brutal nor theatrical. He remained calm of a country doctor at the bedside of a patient. The man wavered a moment and then confessed. Burns and his methods astonished me—sent him for the second councilman. The man came in, dragging their feet and looking on the floor. The second man confessed, and Burns sent him for the third bribe-taker willing the first one to stay in the room and on a long sofa against the wall. The third man also confessed and was asked to find the fourth one. There were four men on the sofa, and it was an amazing spectacle when the fifth man entered the room. He would say nothing. Burns read him extracts from his own conversation, but he sullenly looked into space and remained dumb. He was promptly arrested, but the others were permitted gloomily to go about their business. Nine councilmen were indicted later for grafting. Their cases are still pending.

"Another of Burns' men arranged for an interview in a local saloon, actually engaged in the liquor business for several weeks and found out about bribes given to city councilmen for licenses. It was

CONQUERING MONARCHS OF THE ALLIED BALKAN STATES.



This picture, composed after the famous painting "Conqueror," by Pierre Fritel, shows how the modern vanquishers of the Turks will appear entering Constantinople, provided the Porte refuses to agree to the peace terms contained in the ultimatum advanced by the victors. From left to right, the actual photographs are: King Nicholas of Montenegro, King George of Greece, King Peter of Serbia, and Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

NEW KIND OF TURKEY COMING FROM YUCATAN

Oscillated Bird to Be Crossed with Local Kind to Improve Both Flavor of Meat and Appearance of Fowl—Has "Eyes" on Tail Like Peacock.

For the improvement of our Thanksgiving bird, the "oscillated" turkey is to be imported from Yucatan. Used for crossing with the domesticated fowl, it is expected to bring to our table the beauty of the animal and the flavor of the meat.

One should understand, to start with, that this variety of turkey—which has been reduced to domestication hitherto—is one of the most beautiful of feathered creatures. It is of about the same size as our own turkeys, but of a more brilliant coloration, and with wings and tail feathers of a peculiar blue. The species sprinkled over its tail like those which adorn the tail of a peacock.

When the Spaniards invaded Mexico early in the sixteenth century, they found there domesticated turkeys—the birds being kept and bred by the Indians to feed the jaguars, pumas, and other carnivores in the wonderful zoological garden which that monarch maintained as an appanage of his royal state. They supposed them to be a kind of peacock, and as such described them in the letters which he wrote to his king. But they never saw the "oscillated" turkey, else the likeness to the peacock would have struck them much more forcibly. Nobody knows how the turkey belongs exclusively to the new world. There are three distinct species: (1) the "wild turkey" of the United States, (2) the turkey native to Mexico (which, owing to a long series of happenings, has become our farm fowl, distinguished by the white meat of its breast), and (3) the "oscillated," or "eyed" turkey, native to Yucatan and adjacent portions of Guatemala and British Honduras.

Has Beautiful Plumage.

The "oscillated" turkey is a bird of much more varied and beautiful plumage than either of the others. It is, indeed, rivalled in these respects by few feathered creatures. When one says that its head and neck are deep blue, covered with a brilliant red crest, and its wings and tail are tipped with red, that its wing-coverts are deep red in color, and that its bill, legs, and feet are likewise red—all brilliant metallic blue—its description is not quite complete, bright yellow and other tints being incidentally introduced.

For many centuries this gorgeous fowl has been hunted by the aborigines in sections in which it is found and, in consequence, it has become extraordinarily shy—so much so, indeed, that according to the testimony of naturalists few birds are so difficult to approach. It is not, like our own wild turkey, a denizen of dense forests, but rather a frequenter of the edges of clearings, and of such places as the borders of corn fields.

Its habits in a general way, however, are much like those of our wild turkey. It roosts in trees, and builds its nest in a dense thicket. It is a native of the American continent. One of its peculiarities is a song which is like that of no other bird, and which is described as resembling the rapid pecking of a distant woodpecker.

All turkeys are handsome birds—a circumstance not surprising when one considers their ornithological relationship. The "oscillated" turkey is no exception. It is in truth a pheasant—the largest of all pheasants (the peacock) is a pheasant also, but does not nearly approach the turkey in respect of weight. It is, moreover, much more closely related to our farm yard chickens than to the turkey.

Chickens Are Pheasants.

Chickens are true pheasants—all of them being descended from a species native to Southern India, and which today is found only in that part of the world. It is the Gallus bankiva—a bird resembling in a striking degree the domesticated variety familiarly known as the "red game." The much-esteemed guinea fowl, too, is a pheasant, and is descended from a species native to India. Any other existing bird. Thus it will be understood why accidental crosses between turkeys and guinea fowls once made, and hence the turkey is a hybrid. Whether or not this hybrid is fertile, i. e., capable of perpetuating itself, does not seem to be a settled question.

Back to the early Spaniards, it is a matter of history that they took some of Montezuma's tame turkeys back with them to Spain, where they first were introduced. It is the first occasion on which the great American bird was served as a table delicacy in Europe was at the wedding of Charles IX. in the year 1550.

A Feminine Notion.

Mrs. Post—But why adopt a baby when you have three children of your own under five years old? Mrs. Parker—My own are being brought up properly. The adopted one is to enjoy.

Burning a lump of candle in a room will rid it of insects.

No existing animal has been modified by breeding to anything like such an extent as the species of East Indian pheasant which today, in its altered and wonderfully varied forms, we call the chickens. But the giant Mexican pheasant known as the turkey has undergone some striking changes incidental to its domestication in this country. It has been split up, as one might say, into no fewer than a dozen distinct varieties—the "bronze," the "buff," the "slate," the "black," the "Narra-ant," and the "white." These differ mainly in color, and in the shape of the tail. The "white" is nothing more or less than an albino type, perpetuated, like the white rabbit and the white mouse, by selection through a series of generations. Turkey-raisers are accustomed to select their heaviest fowls from year to year for breeding purposes, and by this simple method of selection the size of the bird has been much increased. The turkey weighing forty pounds is nothing very extraordinary. But if one would see giant turkeys, one should visit Flaherty Island, off the western tip of Rhode Island, where the greatest and most successful turkey farm in the world is maintained. The island, as one might say, an artificial wilderness of 400 acres, over which thousands of the birds roam practically wild, no shelter of any kind being provided for them. They thrive amazingly under such treatment, and some specimens reach a weight of nearly fifty pounds.

What we know in this country as the "wild turkey" is a species confined to the Eastern and Southern United States, the other, the Mexican, which is the one we domesticate, extends its range over parts of Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona. In respect of plumage there is no very marked differ-

ence between the two. The tips of the tail-feathers of the Mexican turkey (in its wild state, and of the feathers covering the base of the tail, are cream-white. The same feathers in our wild turkey are always brown.

Infusing Wild Blood.

The vigor of our domesticated turkey stock is maintained by frequent infusions of wild blood—the two species crossing readily. Sometimes wild gobblers are secured for this purpose by hatching them from eggs found in the woods. Though at first they are difficult to handle, they soon become fairly tame. But it often happens that a full-grown wild gobbler will come out of the woods of his own accord, and make himself at home with a flock of tame turkeys, easily driving off or killing the domesticated gobbler to whom they properly belong.

Nowadays there is a large demand for what are called "turkey broilers"—that is to say, young turkeys weighing only two or three pounds. Fancy prices are paid for them. Young turkeys are notoriously hard to raise, and many farmers are glad to sell them at this stage of their growth, in preference to keeping them until they are mature, and taking the incidental chance of losing them. Dealers say that if farmers could find a way to force turkeys as they do chickens, they could get almost any price for them in the summer time from wealthy consumers.

The turkey's nearest relative, the guinea-fowl, is gaining a steadily augmented appreciation as a table bird appropriate to the Thanksgiving season. It has a game flavor strongly resembling that of the partridge, and some people are very fond of its eggs, which command a high price in the market.

This bird, originally fetched from Africa, has never become more than half domesticated, and to this day it roams wild in dense parts of the island of Jamaica. There is money in breeding and rearing guinea-fowls, and our own Department of Agriculture is advising American farmers to go into the business on a rather extensive scale. If a fertile cross between this species and the turkey can be obtained, a new and valuable kind of poultry will contribute to the profits of the working agriculturist and to the appetite of the bon vivant.

RENE BACHE.

Frugality in Practice.

Woman Maltreated in Herpetology. What women can accomplish by direct participation in political affairs is illustrated in the case of Finland, the first country in Europe to give women the same franchise rights as men. That was in 1906. Since then only Norway has followed Finland's example, and with the same success. A writer in the Contemporary Review, V. Palen Kordes, has summarized the work of the Finnish women in politics as follows:

"Up to the beginning of last year (1911) the women brought in twenty-nine different legislative bills, of which the following were the most important: (1) The establishment of laws for child protection against ill treatment; (2) the complete freeing of the wife from the legal guardianship of her husband; (3) the raising of the marriage age from fifteen to sixteen years; (4) the organization of colonies for youthful criminals; (5) the right of women to assist in the department of public medicine; and (6) the abolition of political disfranchisement for women.

"In addition to this, all the women deputies brought in a petition for the protection of women in the streets from assault, thus indicating the necessity for adding a new clause to the criminal laws dealing with this matter.

"Among other women's bills awaiting decision were the following: Concerning the interests of both sexes to separate the highest court of law from the senate, making it an independent institution; to give Jews equal rights with Christians; a universal adult suffrage bill; to regulate the relations between workers, servants and employers; to increase the punishment for ill-treatment of animals; granting free meals to school children; for improving the position of illegitimate children, and for the establishment of homes for them.

"Concerning the interest of women: Bills for maternity insurance; for the establishment of government midwives; for giving the wife the right to dispose of her children (formerly the husband had this right exclusively); for the improvement of domestic economy schools; for the appointment of women as factory inspectors; for enabling women to serve in public institutions on equal terms with men.

"The deputies have been members on all committees of the seim and have taken part in even the principal one, the grand committee, which is elected by the whole house proportionately, and gives its decisions on the most important questions of legislation and taxation, these questions being worked out previously in special committees. On the grand committee for women assisted—Dagmar, a teacher and editor of a journal; Hedvig Solberg, head mistress of a teachers' training college; Mimi Turunen, the daughter of an artisan, and Ora Klekinen, a dressmaker.

ABE MARTIN SAYS:



It takes a good jiltin' t' git some fellers off th' swingin' rings. A Ben Davis apple looks almost good enough t' eat.

Even Bluebeard.

Bluebeard showed the forbidden chamber. "Nevertheless, I should advocate wearing an apron if I needed their votes," he cried.

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